

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

**Circuit Court.**  
W. J. Henson, Judge; S. M. Graham, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

**Officers.**  
T. C. Bowen, Com. th. Atty.  
S. F. Hannon, Sheriff.  
H. E. Peery, Deputy Sheriff.  
Wm. Hardy, Treasurer.  
H. P. Brittain, Deputy Treasurer.  
H. G. McCall, County Supt. Schools.  
P. H. Williams, Address, Snapp, Va.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth, Sunday 11 a. m. Prayer every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Stephen Davis, pastor.

**METHODIST CHURCH.** Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

**NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.**—or Day School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.**—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

**TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL.** Every Monday at 2 p. m.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.**  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
DR. C. A. THOMPSON, E. C.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Recorder.

**O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.**  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
J. T. COOLEY, H. P.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

**TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.**  
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.  
J. POWELL ROYALL, W. M.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

**TIPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F.**  
Tiptop, Virginia.  
Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.  
FRANK POTT, N. G.  
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**C. D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

**COLTON & COULING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. B. Coulung will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. E. Fulton, Wytheville. Va. R. M. B. Coulung, Tazewell, Va.

**GREYER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Gillespie building. Edgar L. Greyer, Barnes Gillespie.

**H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collecting a specialty.

**BOWEN & ROYALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collections given prompt attention. Office near Courthouse.

**W. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Richlands, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

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## HIS REBELLIOUS PUPIL

By DORRIS K. PETERSON

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"But I don't understand it yet," blurted the red-headed girl with pouty lips. "I can't see where you got the one-eighth. In fact, I don't understand any of it." And she closed the book in her lap with a slam.

"Well," said the youthful, downy-lipped professor, smiling from behind his hat, "shall we go over it again?" His tone was very patient and indulgent. He was lying lazily on the grass and seemed to be enjoying the disturbance of the red-headed girl seated near him.

"I don't see the use," said the girl curtly. "We have gone over and over it. And I just can't follow you."

"We might try it again," mildly suggested the young educator.

"I will not," cried the pouty lips. "I hate it. It is horrible, horrible. Oh—oh," and two round shining drops burst over the long brown lashes. "I must feel like saying it can go to the—devil! There!" And she threw the green-backed text book, tablet and pencil down the grass-covered slope.

The lazy young professor picked himself leisurely up and sauntered down the slope after the abused books. When he had returned and dropped down beside her he said, very slowly and tantalizingly, smiling the while:

"You are delightful! If you only knew how pretty you are when you are angry! You have such a reckless amount of vim. Now if you could only divert it to this green-covered—"

"Green-covered? nothing!" she exclaimed angrily, not allowing him to finish. "I tell you I hate it. And I hate you, too, Prof. Jackson. You are always laughing at me. I never look at you but you seem to be amused. I suppose you think I am such a big ninny to be in school. Well, I have made graduated long ago but for horrid old mathematics. I know as much as you do in everything else. And you know I do. Didn't I stick you in grammar last Monday?"

"Yes, Stella, you did," he acknowledged, with a twinkle in his eye. "But I am not to blame that it is quite as necessary that you be as proficient in mathematics as in grammar."

"I don't want to be, I tell you. I hate them. Why don't you tell papa I never shall be able to master them and then he would let me quit school?" she asked him severely.

"Why, my dear, dear young lady, because I have no intention of losing a very charming pupil as long as I can help it; even if she does hate me."

"Yes, I do hate you," insisted the pouty lips, tossing her head with its wealth of red, red hair. "You had no business to come over here and spoil my Saturday afternoon by telling mother that you would assist me with this horrid old stuff if she wished. You have made me angry and made me say 'devil'."

"Well, Stella," he said quietly, picking up his hat, "I am very sorry that you hate me, very sorry that I spoiled your afternoon, very sorry that I made you angry and very sorry that I made you say 'devil'." And I suppose you will think me a monster when I tell you I have enjoyed every bit of it. Even the 'devil,' and," he spoke still more quietly, until his tone and attitude was unassuming to the heated girl, "would you mind not brushing those petals from your hair. They look very pretty there."

"Prof. Jackson!" exclaimed the indignant girl; "you certainly say most extraordinary things for a professor. Of course you enjoyed your day," she continued slurringly. "You were not doing anything but watching the plum blossoms fall and keeping track of those sailing boats out there." She waved her hand toward the blue-ribbon of a bay. "It is easy enough to tell how to solve a problem when you know how. I hate school and you know it. I want to stay at home and help keep house. I love to keep house and tend my flowers. Thank goodness, your old school will soon be out, and then I can do what I please for a while. Heaven knows, I am old enough to know that I have all the schooling I need."

"Well, do you know, Stella, I rather think so, too," he said, surveying her critically, while a teasing little smile played about the downy lip. "Although," he continued lamely, "school closing won't make much difference to me, as I have accepted a position as instructor of mathematics in the Teachers' Summer Training school at Logan."

"Why, professor!" exclaimed the red-headed girl, turning to him with wide-open eyes. "You said you were going to remain here this summer. I thought you were going to teach me to sail a boat."

"I am sorry that I shall not be able to keep my word, Stella. But it is a matter of dollars and cents with me. Then, too, perhaps you wouldn't like me any better as a sailing master than you do as professor of mathematics."

"No, I don't like you as a professor," she confessed. "I want to stay at home and keep house. And if you would only ask papa if I might I am sure he would consent. Please, Prof. Jackson, won't you ask papa?"

He looked at her whimsically and said slowly: "Yes, I think I shall ask him."

"Oh, that is just too good of you! I believe you are laughing at me right now. Don't you mean what you said? Aren't you going to ask papa?"

"My dear girl," said the young professor, "I am going to ask him this very day. But are you quite sure that you would really like to keep house?"

"Indeed I would," she replied laughing. "And you know, professor, 'I love to cook. And I am going to make you a cake for being so nice to me.'"

"Only one?" he exclaimed. "Why, I shall demand one every day; and puddings and pies and rolls besides. I shall be very particular about my cooking and housekeeping."

The girl with the red hair looked at him in astonishment, then blushed from the roots of her brilliant hair to the edge of her dainty, lace-trimmed collar. And then her lips formed their pretty pout again and she stamped her foot furiously.

"Prof. Jackson," she cried, "why can't you treat me sensibly? You have made fun and laughed at me ever since I knew you. Why don't you treat me with the dignity you do the other girls? I hate you. I know you never meant to ask papa. You were making fun all the time."

It was the professor's turn to throw the green-covered text-book down the grassy slope and seize the plump, white hand of his retreating pupil.

"Stella," he said. His voice was very steady, very firm and very serious now, and his eyes were looking into hers, while the sweet-scented petals fell noiselessly about them. "I have not been making fun of you. And I do mean to ask your father this very evening if you may quit school and be my little housekeeper. I have had this in mind, dear, from the day you first entered school. But I was waiting for some encouragement. And now," he smiled teasingly, "you yourself have suggested that I ask your father if you may quit school to keep house. Thank you very much, dear."

And he raised the plump, white hand to his lips. "I shall do so only on condition that the housekeeping is to be for me, even if you have said you hate me."

"But, Prof. Jackson," stammered the blushing girl, hanging her head, "I didn't mean it—that—that was about asking papa, nor about hate—hating you."

"Now just wait a minute, dear, and let me straighten this out. Look at me," he urged, patting her hand. "What you really meant is that you don't hate me and that I may ask papa. Now isn't that it? Say 'yes,' Stella. He was crushing her hands painfully and his face was very close to hers.

"Isn't it?"

"I—I—think it is," said the girl with the red, red hair.

Then he kissed her and said laughingly, "I hope I may smile at you hereafter, dear, without offending. Now let us go and see papa about this wonderful housekeeping we are to undertake after our honeymoon at Logan."

## HONEY AS A FOOD.

It is of Great Value as a Medicine and Highly Nutritious.

Starch and sugar when eaten undergo a digestive change before they are assimilated. In honey this change has been made to a considerable extent by the bees. It is easy of assimilation and concentrated and furnishes the same element of nutrition as sugar and starch—imparts warmth and energy. As a medicine honey has great value and many uses. It is excellent in cough and throat affections and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children, who have more natural appetites, generally prefer it to butter. Honey is laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy. It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without the injurious effects, and is unequaled in meat and harvest drinks. As an external application it is irritating when clear and soothing when diluted. In many places it is much appreciated as a remedy for croup and colds. In preserving fruit the formic acid it contains makes a better preservative than sugar syrup, and it is also used in cooking and confectionery.

In early times, it is said, Palestine flowed with milk and honey, but we have far more of both today than the people of any age ever had. Honey does not injure the teeth as candies do.

## THE RICE TABLE.

A Distinctive and Remarkable Meal Served in Java.

"At 1 o'clock," says a correspondent of the Kansas City Star, "every hotel in Java serves a most distinctive and remarkable meal called the rice table (rijst-tafel). A large, flat, bowl shaped dish is placed in front of you, which you fill with beautiful, white, flaky rice, borne about in dishes holding fully a quarter of a bushel. Then comes a seemingly never ending stream of natives, each bearing a dish containing some different meat, vegetable or condiment, from which you take a small portion and place it on top of the rice."

"After you have had a little of everything you mix it up with a knife and fork and mix it well with the rice and then fall to with a large spoon. A list of the side dishes, with an ordinary rice table, would read something like this: Fried eggs, omelet, fried chicken, broiled chicken, stewed chicken, beefsteak, sausage, fish, fritters, a mixture of vegetables stewed with a mustard dressing, raw cucumbers, liver and ten or twelve different spices and relishes, besides pickles."

Many a stout Dutchman have we seen take a liberal helping from each dish in addition to almost a quart of rice for a background of table. Naturally every one must go to sleep immediately after such a meal, and all business is suspended for several hours. The dinner in the evening at 8 o'clock is a very simple meal."

The Wrong Room.

"While spending a vacation at Bedford Springs, Pa., some years ago," said a Baltimore lawyer the other day, "I went late one night to my room, as I supposed, unlocked the door and was startled by a woman's screams. I realized at once that I had got into the wrong room. You may be sure I did not waste any time getting out into the corridor, locking the door again and entering my room, which happened to be the next one."

"While I was doing this the woman continued screaming, alarming the whole hotel. A crowd soon gathered, and when the woman could be persuaded to open the door she declared there was a man in her room. Of course no intruder was found, and, as the door was locked when the crowd gathered, the lady was told that she must have had a nightmare and imagined she saw a man in her room. I kept quiet, and every one else in the hotel was convinced that the lady's imagination had worked upon her fears."

—Baltimore Sun.

## Popular Weather Notions.

How often do we hear the remark, "We shall have rain, the atmosphere is so heavy." The reverse is true. When one sees smoke hanging from a chimney, with a tendency to sink to the ground, it indicates that the atmosphere is light—in fact, too light to float the smoke. When the smoke rises from the chimney, it indicates a heavy atmosphere. A column of smoke is not a bad barometer, for a barometer simply records the pressure of the atmosphere. When the atmosphere is light and the smoke settles, the pressure on the mercury is light, and the column falls, indicating storm. When the atmosphere is heavy and the smoke rises, the pressure is greater and the column rises, indicating fair weather. Pleasure seekers and others before starting out should therefore watch the smoke.

## The Three D's.

"Down in Greensboro," said a citizen of that North Carolina town, "I knew three 'drummers.' They seemed to be long companions. The first one traveled for a large brewing company in Baltimore, and the second represented a wholesale drugstore in the west. These two men, while going through the south, fell in with a man who was selling coffins to undertakers in the country towns. When the trio reached Greensboro to spend Sunday—you know all the 'drummers' come into Greensboro to spend Sunday—they had already been christened the three D's—Drinks, Drugs and Death.—New York Press.

## A Royal Tragedy.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers and, dabbling her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

## The Attraction.

Gladstone told Lord Ronald Gower that once when he visited Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.

## Very Likely.

Sister Sue—in my new play, Mr. Daniels, the hero and the villain are to fight a duel.

Daniels—And who will get the worst of it?

Brother Tom—The audience.—New York Times.

## Venetian Hospitality.

Whatever might have been said against the Venetians, they were a hospitable people—this, too, in small as well as in great matters. When, for example, in 1476, an ambassador from the khan of Tartary visited the city and it was known that the khan and his suite carried but one shirt apiece in their bags, the senate formally voted 20 ducats that they might be provided with additional shirts, which were accordingly made "alla tartaresca" and presented. We can imagine how the good counselors and citizens would enjoy this kindly little jest.

## Pinned Faith to Plymouth Rock.

The dominance of New England sentiment in matters of ancestry and early history was illustrated at a certain meeting of women in New York the other day when the first English settlement was spoken of as having been made in Jamestown, Va.

"Why, I always thought it was in Plymouth rock!" exclaimed a daughter of New England. "And so did I." "And I," echoed others, at least half of the women present, all of them supposed to be well educated persons, being of that opinion.

## TWO MEN AND A MORAL.

An Incident That Supplies Considerable Food For Thought.

These ought ye to do and not to leave the others undone.

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The ruddy man said, "Not if you're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if you was any better." He sat down. "What's your callin'?"

"I'm an ironworker; bridge work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of the hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not had in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work."

"Work—good God! I wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't had enough. Go and grab some!" Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"Not why the devil should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin' in?"

"Yes. I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. Gosh, but you look bad! Goodby."

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.—Dr. Walr Mitchell in Century.

## SOME WRITERS.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles and Alexandre Dumas in shirt sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large armchair, with his head thrown back.

Bret Harte's first literary success was a little book called "Condensed Novels," in which he parodied some prominent novelists of the day.

Austin Dobson, the poet, wanted in early life to be an engineer and was preparing for that profession when his parents persuaded him to enter the civil service.

When Fox had eaten heartily, he would retire to his study, envelop his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Allison is said to have consumed twenty-four years in the preparation of his "History of Europe," but many important literary enterprises were also carried on by him during this time.

It is related of Hall Caine, the novelist, that he once worked in the Laxey lead mines, in the Mans mountains, in place of a young man who was ill to keep the young fellow's position for him.

Mrs. Bolton, the Indiana composer of the once popular song "Paddle Your Own Canoe," received the inspiration to write while sewing and darning the first carpets for the old statehouse of Indiana.

## A College Man and a Quotation.

Some one once said, "A Harvard man knows all literature but the Bible," a startlingly sweeping generality, but not without truth so far as the Bible is concerned. A case in point came to light the other day. Two Harvard men were reading together some famous modern orations, one of them a eulogy. The eulogy closed with the words: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"What a beautiful close!" exclaimed one of the students enthusiastically. "The man who wrote such a sentence as that proves that the grand style in prose did not die with the eighteenth century."

It should be added in fairness that the other student was a churchman and said nothing.—New York Tribune.

## "It's the Cat."

An aged country rector who had an old tailor as his clerk, returning from his church one Sunday with the latter, thus addressed him:

"Thomas, I cannot think how it is that our church should be getting thinner and thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did and ought to have far more experience than I had when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas. "I'll tell you what; old persons nowadays are just like old tailors, for I'm sure I sew as well as ever I did in my life, and the cloth is the same, but it's the cut, sir, ah! it's the new cut!"—Pearson's.

## Diogenes and Dogs.

Diogenes died from the bite of a dog, and his last request to the neighbors was that they throw his body into the alley for the dogs to eat, but they refused to do so and gave him a noble funeral and erected a monument in his honor, upon which was carved the figure of a dog, the symbol of his life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Discouraging.

Jester—Poor old Skindint has his troubles! Jimson—What! Why, he's making barrels and barrels of money.

Jester—I know, but the price of barrels has gone up.—Boston Post.

## HAVE WOMEN INTUITION?

One Writer Says They Have Never Shown It in Literature.

Literature is the final expression of human thought. If women can lay claim to a special faculty of intuition, why do they not manifest it in their writings? Intuition, if it means anything, means the faculty that gets down to the germ of actions and characteristics and focuses external traits into a central verity recognizable to the general public. Now, there are more female writers than male. No woman poet has ever written an inevitable line, a line that flashes spontaneously out of the unknown and casts an illuminating light upon the abys-

## HER LOST DIARY.

The Flagger Thing Had All Her Dearest Secrets Recorded Too.

"Diary!" fairly shrieked the pretty young lady, with dashing eyes, as she walked down the avenue with a companion. "Diary! Don't you say diary to me again. What do you know about it, Kate?"

"Nothing, only that you told me that you had commenced keeping a diary, as usual, and I supposed you had dropped it at the end of a month, as usual. I didn't mean to throw you into hysterics."

"Kate, don't you ever breathe a word of it, but I've lost that diary; dropped it somewhere on the street. And the pretty thing has all my dearest secrets in it. I wrote just what I thought too. It just sends me crazy. There it is in black and white that Lillian looks like a fright, that Hattie is turning green from jealousy, that Charley is just too sweet to live and that Fred hasn't sense enough to talk more than three minutes unless he rehearses in advance."

"Why don't you advertise and offer a reward?"

"Indeed, I won't. I never want to see the thing again. If any one returns it, I shall declare that it's a forgery from beginning to end. I'll never own up the longest day I live."

"What did you say about me, Edith?"

"Oh, I don't just remember, but something nice. You can depend on that, for you're my very dearest friend."

"I can help your memory. You wrote that I was the most inquisitive little mix in the city and that I thought it my special business to look after other people's business. Here's your diary. You left it at our house, and Tommy spelled out your estimate of me before I knew what he was doing. Good afternoon."

Then they looked at each other, both began to cry, fell into each other's arms and in five minutes were criticizing a mutual friend.—Kansas City Independent.